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PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

FLASHBACK

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FLASHBACK

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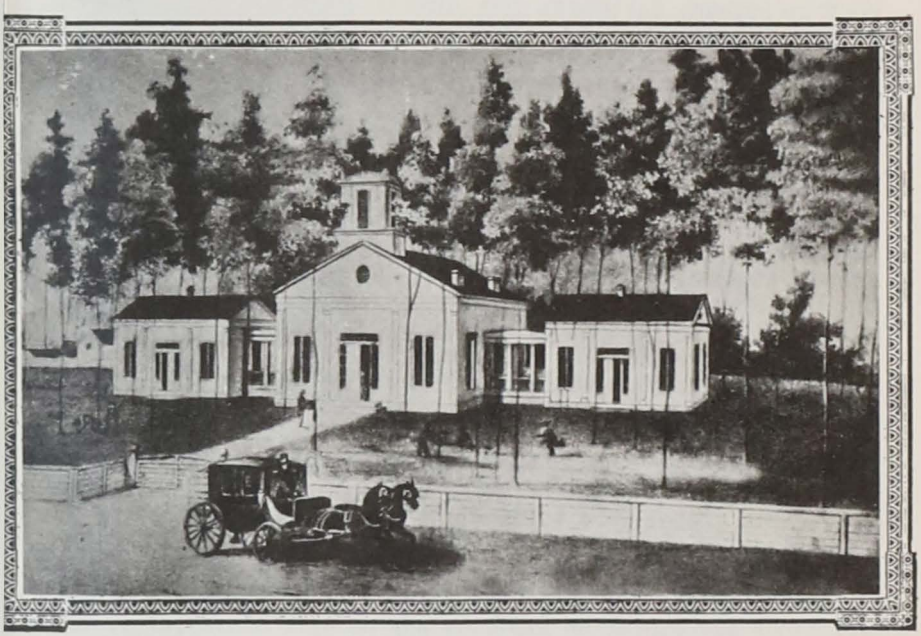
Arkansas College -

THE BEGINNING by Pat Donat



"Fayetteville is the foremost town of Arkansas in the cause of education."

This claim was made in 1849 even before the beginning of Arkansas College, the institution which gave College Avenue its name and was, by only a single day, the first degree-granting college in the state as Cane Hill College was incorporated one day later.

Today the commercial aspect of the 200 block on College Avenue, with the notable exception of the First Christian Church, which had a direct relationship with the founding of the institution of higher education and now occupies a part of its site --reveals little evidence of the 10-acre tree-studded campus of Arkansas College which began approximately at the intersection of College and East Dickson, and extended south beyond the adjacent car lot and the church.

The campus was outside the original town plat of Fayetteville, located in Section 15 of Township 16, Range 30 West, on land which also marked the first settlement of Fayetteville by the McGarrah family.

The college was founded by Robert Graham, the first resident minister of the First Christian Church. The 26-year-old Graham who had graduated from Bethany College in West Virginia in 1847 helped found the congregation and in December of 1848 he returned to Fayetteville with his wife and young son to become first pastor of the church.

Robert Graham

Unable to support his family with the salary the small congregation was able to pay, Graham had to teach school, first as an associate of Robert Mecklin at Ozark Institute, and after 1850 as principal of a school called the Fayetteville Male Academy. Ozark Institute was located at Mount Comfort.

The English-born Graham brought some of the students from the Ozark Institute to begin his new academy at Fayetteville, and opened his school in a building at the northeast corner of St. Charles and Dickson Streets.

In a letter dated 18 February 1851, written by Graham to Henry Wilcox of Van Buren, he explains why he left Ozark Institute.

"On my return I found matters fully as bad as I had been led to expect. Many students disaffected, and many others likely to leave school through their influence. These discordant elements I could not harmonize, the matter had gone too far, hence after spending several days to no purpose, and after mature deliberation, I conceived it my duty to dissolve my connection with Ozark...I do not impugn the motives of my fellow teachers ...but we resolved to quit as we began--good friends. Meanwhile I will aim at a good academy, and if I meet with sufficient encouragement I will bring on other teachers. Meanwhile, John Pettigrew will assist me with some small boys I am compelled to take in order to make a beginning.

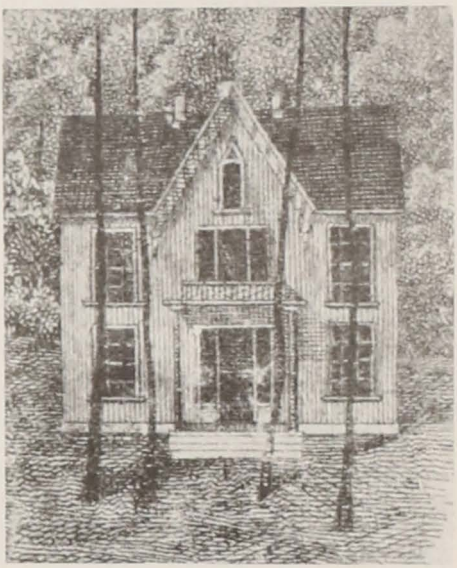
"We will begin immediately to erect suitable buildings. With what I have myself, and can procure on easy terms, I can begin with 12 or 15 hundred dollars. I have a place to teach in this term, and by July I expect to have one of our buildings ready for an examination. The citizens here have pledged themselves to accommodate with boarding all who may come."

By August 29, 1851, Graham was advertising in the Fort Smith Herald as follows:

"Fayetteville Male Academy -- The second session of this institution will begin on Monday 1st Sept. 1851 and continue ten months under direction of the principal and such assistants as the wants of the academy may require. The advantages of the healthy location, cheap living, and competent teachers in all the departments of literature and science are not surpassed by any institution in the South-West. Good boarding in the most respectable families can be had at $1.50 per week, including all the necessary attendants, washing, etc. The session is divided into two terms of five months each. The tuition varies at from $8 to $16 per term, according to the advancement of the scholars. While it is desirable that the students enter at the beginning of a term, yet they will be received at any time during the session and charged accordingly. For further information, address the principal, Robert Graham, Fayetteville, Ark."

On December 31, 1851, he used $400 of his own resources, or some he got on easy terms, to purchase ten acres of McGarrah's grove from William McGarrah. An addendum to the deed, in Graham's hand, states "I, Robert Graham, do hereby agree to school two sons of the said William McGarrah, as long as he may choose, free of all charges or expenses for tuition."

Sometime between the purchase and December 14, 1852, the college buildings were erected. No first hand descriptions are available at this time, since issues of The ARkansas Intelligencer at Van Buren of this date are missing, and there are no known copies of the Western Pioneer, then published in Fayetteville.



The main building (shown in the drawing on page 1) was apparently built first and the two wings added on later. The smaller building to the south (shown at the right) was constructed as a library.

Conceivably, much of the building of the college was done by Graham himself who had served a five-year apprenticeship in "house carpentry". It is known that his good friend, Jonas M. Tebbetts, built his house, which is now designated as Headquarters House, on East Dickson Street in 1852 and

and that the Graham house across from it (now the Hatfield car lot at 240 North College) was identical in architecture.

It is also known that Graham drew the plans and started construction of the new Christian Church in 1858. The church was of brick and cut stone, and located on the southwest corner of the square at Fayetteville. Graham lived in a log house north of the Masonic Building and south of the same corner.

On December 14 the college was incorporated and the power to grant "academical degrees" granted. The incorporators, in addition to Graham, included most of the outstanding men in Fayetteville as well as many out of Fayetteville:

Robert Graham	T. B. VanHorne
J. M. Tebbetts	David Walker
J. H. Stirman	T. J. Pollard
Jesse Turner	Henry Wilcox
A. B. Greenwood	J. P. Morean
Samuel M. Rutherford	Absalom Fowler
E. H. English	Jabez Tanner
Seneca Sutton	Wilburn D. Reagan

George M. Pettigrew

The following spring (May 21, 1853) Graham deeded the college grounds and buildings to the incorporators of Arkansas College. For a sum of $2,600 Graham sold the land and "all the appurtenances thereto belonging in, also all the maps, charts, globes, chemical and philosophical apparatus, and furniture now in use in Arkansas College, to have and to hold the aforegranted premise and furniture in fee simple forever".

William Quisenbury, known as "Bill Cush", the editor of the Southwest Independent in Fayetteville, had nothing but praise for the college of January 28, 1854. Quisenbury--an artist in addition to his other talents--is possibly responsible for the drawing on the diplomas to be awarded, which was lithographed by a Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania lithographer.

On July 4, the same year, the first class was graduated from Arkansas College. Goodspeed's "History of the Northwest Arkansas Counties" names the 1854 graduates as Elias R. DuVal, John M. Pettigrew, R. B. Rutherford. Campbell's "One Hundred Years of Fayetteville" names seven 1854 graduates: William M. Cravens, Elias R. DuVal, Mark Evans, John M. Pettigrew, R. B. Rutherford, Arkansas Wilson, and John P. Wilson.

The mid-term examinations in January were described in detail by Quisenbury, who said the examinations of the difficult classes were rigid but highly creditable to both professors and students. "We intimated a short time since that the young men

were exercising uncommon diligence to meet the 'tug of war'. This we stated from the fact of receiving few calls from them during the past several weeks. During an ordinary time the students exhibit good literary taste by calling at our office to peruse our files."

The editor expressed hope for the future of Arkansas and concluded, "While engaged as a spectator and witness of the exercises, we felt glad in the thought that these youths under the torture of examinations, engaged in the display of fresh found rhetoric, were Arkansas boys, and however much we of an older generation had mismanaged and bungled in State affairs, however badly we may conduct our railroad schemes, there was hope for the poor State yet and these boys...who learned to walk on Arkansas ground will bring us out in flying colors at last."

The editor had not lost enthusiasm for the institution and a year later declared that Fayetteville would have remained in nearly the same condition as it was without Arkansas College. "The great increase in the price of property, the extension of our town limits and increased number of inhabitants, the almost unparalleled expansion of all kinds of business, our new court house, stores, churches, yes, and last though not least (and we say this ourselves), the Southwest Independent are all due to this institution, either directly or indirectly."

During the time the college operated, first as a male academy and then as Arkansas College, from 1850 to 1861, the college had an enrollment of nearly 200 students, many of them from Louisiana and Missouri as well as Arkansas.

In September 1859 Graham left Fayetteville to accept a position with Kentucky University at Harrodsburg, but by that time had been instrumental in bringing William Baxter to Arkansas College in 1858. Baxter was also a graduate of Bethany College and he and Graham were representative of the men trained at that institution, who spread education and the doctrine of the Disciples of Christ. Arkansas College was one of about 50 colleges operating at that time under the auspices of the church.

Apparently in preparation for Graham's move, Baxter was appointed president, and Graham sold him his house in January of 1859 for $4,500.

Graham returned to Fayetteville in 1860 to assume the duties of General Agent of the Southern Christian Missionary Society, but the Civil War broke out and in the fall of 1862 he went to Cincinnati. After the war he returned to Kentucky University.

The war saw the end of the college Robert Graham had built. Baxter, a Union sympathizer, gave an eye witness account in a

book called "Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove" which tells the story after the war clouds gathered.

Classes continued until March 1861 without much interruption but recruiting and volunteering of soldiers started, and studdents began leaving the college for the battlefield, and the College was disbanded.

Later in the spring the Hempstead Rifles, some of them former students of the college, marched into Fayetteville. Baxter describes their arrival:

"Their march had been a long one, their drill was perfect, their step and look that of veterans. With drums beating and banners flying, they marched into the College grounds, and the tents rose as by magic through that hitherto peaceful inclosure.

"Then came the Third Louisiana Infantry, armed with the famous Mississippi rifle, admirable in drill and discipline, perfect in uniforms and accounterments, by far the best regiment in the Southwest. These, however, with the Hempstead Rifles, were the only southern troops that I ever saw in anything like a regular uniform," Baxter wrote.

A historian, writing the history of the Third Regiment, described their advent to Fayetteville:

"The detachment reached Fayetteville early in the morning and were given the college buildings for quarters. This was a fine edifice--the main building extending east and west, with two wings on the north and south sides. The grounds around it were beautifully laid out and interspaced with fine oak trees.

"The boys seemed to find Fayetteville a pleasant little town and becoming acquainted with the lassies of the place, entered with keen relish and peculiar zest into all amusements of the season. The members of Co. A had a fine glee club and would serenade the young ladies of the place and fill the quiet air with their harmonious voices.

"But the harmony of the scene was soon to be broken as the Confederate forces fell back after a victory at Wilson Creek, and Fayetteville became a military post. The Pelican Rifles and Iberville Grays, both of the Third Louisiana Infantry were quartered in the College buildings and the Female Seminary, erected a few years before by T. B. Van Horn on the northwest corner of College and Dickson (now the site of the First Baptist Church) was used as an arsenal, the stables of the Overland Mail Company (at the south of the College) were commandeered and depots were established.

The approach of the retreating Confederate Army after Wilson Creek signalled great activity on the part of army officials who had charge of the munitions of war and military stores. Price's army came on February 21-22, and officers of the commissary and quartermaster department, unable to remove their stores, threw open the various depots to the soldiers and citizens.

"The troops encamped for the night south of us. The next morning dawned and the officers who had stayed in town retreated. But bands of cavalry, by order of Gen. McCulloch, dashed into town and began firing the buildings which had been used for military purposes. Some of them contained large quantities of beef and bacon, which soon added to the flames. The large stables of the Overland Mail Co. were destroyed, and the steam mill was consumed. About fifty yards from my residence was a large and beautiful structure, a Female College, but latterly used as a military arsenal and cartridge manufactory. The ammunition had been removed, with the exception of a large quantity of condemned bombshells--the fuses imperfect, the shells charged with the elements of destruction. A soldier, lately one of Fayetteville's own citizens, was sent to destroy it, but having little taste for the deed, refused to fire it when the danger to women and children was pointed out to him.

"But this did not save the building, for scarcely was he out of sight before a few horsemen galloped up, entered the building, and poured turpentine on the floors and between the ceilings. They refused to let the bombshells be removed, and the torch was applied," Baxter wrote.

The flames reached Baxter's own house, and efforts to fight the fire were hampered as shells continued to explode. Graham arrived and the two educators were able to subdue the blaze.

"The few citizens who remained could do little toward arresting the progress of fires in so many different places at the same time, and when night fell a great portion of our town was a smouldering ruin."

The Federal troops were under the command of Brig. General A. Asboth who established his headquarters at the Tebbetts house. His official report, written February 23rd, states: "I am now in Fayetteville. The Stars and Stripes float from its courthouse. The enemy's picket, driven in by my men, retreated from the town and joined by some other are drawn up at a short distance from it. The buildings in the town square still burn."

In a proclamation to the people of Fayetteville, General Asboth states: "I have occupied your town to arrest the wanton destruction of public and private property already inaugurated

by the Confederate troops. ...Deserted fire sites cannot be guarded, but every house containing a living soul shall have the protection of our power."

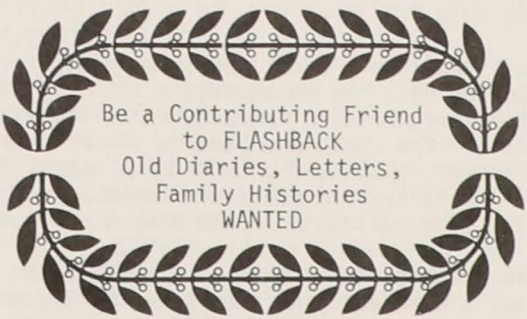
But the Federal troops remained only a few days and on March 4, 1862 the Southern army moved northward to engage in the battle of Pea Ridge. But before that battle, Baxter was an eye witness to the end of Arkansas Caollege.

"Most of the troops passed through our town on the 3rd and 4th of March, the rear guard remaining all the last night, a night not soon to be forgotten by me, as it witnessed the conflagration of our beautiful College building. ...Having escaped the torch during the retreat of Price and McCulloch some ten days before, we had hoped that it might be spared....The night was clear and cloudless, not a breath of air was stirring, and as the smoke curled skyward in the calm of midnight, this shrine of learning, the abode of peace fell a sacrifice to the fierce spirit of war and destruction."

Baxter and his family left Fayetteville early in 1863, and meanwhile the Christian Church on the Square, which had served as a hospital, was burned shortly after the battle of Prairie Grove in early December 1862. Members met from place to place for worship until a new church was started in 1869 on the site of the college. The church was not completed until 1872.

It was dismantled and another erected and dedicated in 1901. On December 18, 1912, that building was destroyed and the present church is the third building on the historic site.

(Much of the above story is reprinted courtesy of the Northwest Arkansas Times. The picture of the library on page 3 is from a diploma awarded to John Phagan Wilson in 1855, which is owned by Ralph Shreve. The picture was enlarged by Ms. Brenda Bullion of the architecture department, University of Arkansas and we are most grateful to her.)



THE OCCUPATION OF FAYETTEVILLE

from Military Records

No. 1

Report of Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck, U. S. Army

Hdqrs. Dept. of Mo., Saint Louis, February 27, 1862

General Curtis has taken possession of Fayetteville, Arks., capturing a number of prisoners, stores, baggage, &c. The enemy burned a part of the town before they left. They have crossed the Boston Mountains in great confusion. We are now in possession of all their strongholds. Forty-two officers and men of the Fifth Missouri Cavalry were poisoned at Mud Town by eating poisoned food which the rebels left behind them. The gallant Captain Dulfer died, and Lieutenant-Colonel VonDeutsch and Captain Lehmann have suffered much, but they are recovering. The indignation of our soldiers is very great, but they have been restrained from retaliating upon the prisoners of war.

H. W. Halleck, Major-General.

Major-General McClelland

No. 2

Report of Brig. Gen. Samuel R. Curtis, U. S. Army

hdqrs. SW. Dist. of Mo., Camp Halleck, Feb. 24, 1862

Captain: Our flag was raised on the court house of Fayetteville yesterday at 11 o'clock. The picket of the rebels fled, losing several who were taken prisoners, among them two officers. Principal buildings around the square were still burning, having been fired by the rebels to destroy those stores which they had no time to carry away. The main force of the enemy has fled beyond the mountain range that divide the waters of White River and Arkansas. I am now the master of all their strongholds and larger cities of Western Arkansas, and hold a check on the rebels in the Indian country, being south of the Cherokees, and east of the Choctaws. I am told the enemy is blockading the mountain passes by felling trees, and otherwise obstructing the way, as McCulloch did Cross Timber Valley last summer. Forty-two of the officers and men of the Benton Hussars were poisoned at Mud Town on arriving at that place Thursday last, by eating rebel food or drinking rebel liquor. One gallant officer, Captain Dulfer, died. Lieutenant-Colonel Von Deutsch and Captain Lehmann suffered very much but have recovered. For the sake of humanity I hope it was not intended, but the evidence of the animus is almost irresistible. The murder

of one of our soldiers in Bentonville was resented by burning of part of the town by our troops; but the perpetrators will be summarily punished by me.

Two days' rations of flour arrived last evening. I have started mills at every place on my way, but some deficient or awkward arrangement of transportation prevents it from coming up as it should. I have the rebel mills at Cross hollow and two mills on my right wing grinding, but I am not certain that wheat in sufficient quantities can be secured.

Respectfully, &c.,

SAML. R. CURTIS,
Brigadier-General, Commanding

Capt. N. H. McLean,
Assistant Adjutant-General, St. Louis, Mo.

No. 3

Reports of Brigadier-General A. Asboth, U. S. Army.

Headquarters at Colonel Tibbett's,
Fayetteville, Washington Co., Ark.,
Feb. 23, 1862--11:20 o'clock.

General: I am now in Fayetteville. The Stars and Stripes float from its court house. The enemy's picket, driven in by my men, retreated from the town, and, joined by some others, are drawn up at a short distance from it. The buildings in the town square are still burning. We have already several prisoners taken in arms, among them two officers. Your instructions as to the occupation of the town will be fully complied with. The third Iowa Cavalry I now order to charge upon the enemy.

ASBOTH
Brigadier-General, Commanding Second Division

General Samuel R. Curtis,
Commanding Southwestern District, Dept. of the Missouri.

- - - - -

Headquarters at Colonel Tibbett's,
Fayetteville, Washington Co., Ark.,
February 23, 1862.

General: Two companies of cavalry, the retreating rear guard of the enemy were followed by our cavalry, leaving behind 1 killed and 2 wounded, 1 mortally. We have 1 wounded. A dying private of McIntosh's regiment disclosed to our surgeon that three regiments of McCulloch's command are posted 10 miles from here, but the town, as well as the surrounding country, is well

guarded by our cavalry and artillery. The enemy having been seen in the forenoon 7 miles from here, on the West Fork of the White River, I sent a company of Fremont Hussars to that point, but they came too late; the enemy had flown. It was Brooks' battalion, from 400 to 500 strong--the same that we had met towards Mud Town the day before yesterday.

All the troops were in the best spirits, and the Third Illinois (?) Cavalry, forming the advance guard, behaved very well, dismounting at command to act as infantry in the bushes. Of the activity, zeal, and energy of Colonel Phelps I cannot speak too highly.

The people having full confidence in your command, and looking to you for protection, while the rebels are disheartened by the defeat in Tennessee, and by the rapid advance of your troops, I would consider it advisable to hold Fayetteville. The Union men implore it, and promise provisions for our men and forage for the animals. Re-enforced by two regiments of infantry, I will hold the place and surrounding country against all the troops now before us. If ordered to leave, all the loyal people will have to leave with us, just as the Missourians did a few months ago. Some of the leading citizens of the town will see you tomorrow at your headquarters and submit their request to such effect.

The topographical sketch showing our position and disposition of troops will follow, and will sustain my suggestion as to holding the place. I therefore ask you, general, to grant me and my command permission to remain here. It will improve the spirit of our men and break down more and more that of the enemy.

The printing office was destroyed, but we found a portable printing press in the court house, and I have issued an order to collect printers in our command to put it in operation. The hospital here is in good condition, well provided with mattresses and couches for from 50 to 60 men. We discovered, and secured, from 30 to 40 wagon loads of lead, fow which it would be well to send teams.

Requesting your orders, I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ASBOTH
Brigadier-General, Commanding Second Division

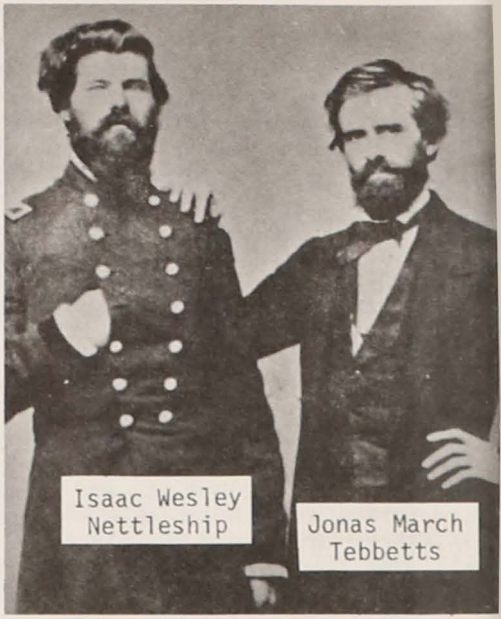
P.S. We have also secured 6 wagon loads of tools for pioneers, sappers and miners, left behind by the Confederate forces.

General Samuel R. Curtis,
Commanding Southwestern District, Dept. of the Missouri.

A PROCLAMATION

BRIGADIER-GEN'L ASBOTH
U. S. ARMY
TO THE CITIZENS OF
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

HEADQUARTERS
at Colonel Tibbett's
Fayetteville
Washington County, Ark.
February 23, 1862



To the Citizens of Fayetteville:

Sent in command of the advance guard of the United States Army of the Southwestern District, Department of the Missouri, by General Samuel R. Curtis, commanding, I have occupied your town to arrest the wanton destruction of public and private property already inaugurated by the Confederate troops, to sustain those of its inhabitants who have been faithful to the laws; to encourage all who may have temporarily wavered in their duty under the threats of bad and designing men, and to establish the law and order essential to the public weal.

While, therefore, calling upon the loyal citizens of this town to aid me in the furtherance and accomplishment of these objects, I at the same time offer to all who may have faltered in their fealty, but who shall now truthfully declare their allegiance to the laws of the Union, the protection of its flag. Deserted firesides cannot be guarded, but every house containing a living soul shall have the protection of our power. None, therefore, should depart. Those absent should return.

General Curtis, the commanding general, desires personally to see and confer with one or two of your leading citizens regarding the welfare of the town, who will be escorted to his headquarters (a distance of a few miles) under guarantees of safety to their persons.

ASBOTH
Brigadier-General, Commanding Second Division

EARLY PREACHERS AND THEIR PROBLEMS

BY RUTH HOLT PAYNE

Essential to the settlement of our country were the preachers who were active in the development and stabilization of their communities. Usually with better education than the average, they held lay offices as well, such as judge, justice of the peace, and school teacher. As the country was raw and untamed they were not too pious to buckle on a gun and defend the law-abiding citizens from the outlaws.

These (largely) unsung heroes had their circuits also, usually riding horseback over rugged roads, carrying their bibles and other necessities in their saddlebags. Sometimes dark overtook them before they reached their destination, or a homestead where they were welcome to spend the night, and they had to make camp in the open.

Exposure to inclement weather caused many to die of pneumonia or to contract consumption (tuberculosis). Certainly their pay was no compensation for these risks. The annual salary of a Methodist circuit rider in ARkansas was $64 until 1810, when it was increased to $80. In 1816 it was $100.

The term "meeting house" stems from the Bible where a tabernacle served as a meeting house for God and man to commune. As there were no meeting houses at first, church services were held in homes or even in the open, the congregation being seated on stones or the bare ground. Then came the brush arbors where rousing revivals were held, even after the advent of the churches.

Reverend Eli Lindsay, the first Methodist circuit rider in Arkansas territory, attended house warmings and other social affairs and after the food and festivities, invited the people to his next circuit appointment. Once, while he was holding services, some dogs treed a bear close by. He suspended the meeting while the men took their flintlocks and went out to dispose of the bear. On their return, he resumed the meeting, thanking God for men who could shoot and for women who could pray.

As settlements expanded, educational facilities improved and meeting houses were built of logs with either dirt or puncheon floors and also "punch" seats (split logs with the bark left on the undersides and elevated by sticks at each end).

These cabins were designed for both school and church services, plus social affairs and funerals. If a revival was in progress or a funeral being held during a school week, lessons

were postponed until it was over, although pupils were expected to sit it out, no matter how uncomfortable they might be--and resume school where it was interrupted.

Most of the populace came eagerly to services, that was part of their life and customs, but there were always certain "young bloods" who came only to disturb worship in various ways.

There are numerous instances on court records where someone was fined for disturbing public worship. Their usual way was to ride their steeds around the meeting house, whooping and shooting off their pistols.

One man was charged with riding his mule up so its head protruded through a window. (Probably the mule was more religious than its owner.)

If they did deign to come inside, it was only to heckled the preacher. One such infidel kept interrupting Reverend Griffin to ask if he couldn't perform miracles. Finally, the preacher came down from his pulpit, saying, "My dear sir! I can't perform miracles, but I can cast out devils," and he proceeded to cast out his adversary.

Before a regular church was built in Lincoln, services of all denominations were held in Starr Hill school house, now remodeled as the Church of Christ. Each denomination had a circuit rider pastor which enabled them to meet at Starr Hill on alternate Sundays.

Sugar Hill church-school was built about 1867 and accommodated four different denominations--Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Campbellites on alternate Sundays. Each church represented would hold a business meeting on Saturday, a worship service Saturday night, one on Sunday morning, and another on Sunday night, thus making good use of their allotted time.

Sermons could last indefinitely, usually until the last effort to bring the infidels to the mourner's bench was expended so it behooved the congregation to prepare ahead for the long sessions. Pallets and bags of cookies were brought along for the small fry, but adults had to endure.

But when they "got happy" and shouted we assume hunger pangs were forgotten. Sermons were well sprinkled with threats of fire and brimstone, and at least one lady admitted to having the devil scared out of her.

The circuit rider on his journeys depended on the hospitality of church members for food and lodging. Fried chicken or "chicken and dumplin's" was usually served on those occasions.

Families were large and houses small as a rule, and even with trundle beds and pallets on the floor, someone might have to sleep with the preacher.

One old-timer had a fear that he would be the one, so he was always assigned to sleep with his father. This fear preyed on his mind so one night, confused and half asleep, he thought his fear was being realized, and he left his father's bed to creep in with the preacher. Morning revealed his predicament. To his everlasting chagrin he really had slept with the preacher.

The struggles and persistence of those early preachers to establish Christianity in new areas is reminiscent of the early church, even though in a far less hazardous way.

(Information for this article was obtained from Herndon's Centennial of Arkansas, and other sources, including W. C. Payne, age 90. - RHP)

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ARKANSAS HISTORY PUBLISHED

Georgia H. Clark, assistant librarian emeritus, and R. Bruce Parham, manuscripts curator, of the University of Arkansas Library, have prepared and published for the Fayetteville Bicentennial Committee Arkansas County and Local Histories: A Bibliography. This bibliography lists over 300 citations of Arkansas county and local histories published as books or parts of books, and journals, newsletters, and bulletins published by Arkansas County and local historical societies, and histories of local organizations and churches. Also included: a number of programs of historical observances and memorial services.

The 39-page publication is available for $1.00 from the Reference Department, Mullins Library, University of Arkansas, at Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701.

1. W. E. Pittman
2. Judge J. M. Pittman
3. Mr. J. Marlar
4. Major Earle
5. Kibbe Cummings
6. Bart Carl
7. Senator Berry
8. J. C. Bain

Samuel Pinckney Pittman is in the picture but not identified by a number.

CONFEDERATE REUNION ON PRAIRIE GROVE (ARKANSAS) BATTLEFIELD EARLY 1900s

THE PITTMAN FAMILY IN THE CIVIL WAR

PART I - BROTHERS IN BATTLE

Letter from William Edward Pittman

Camp Saltillo
August 1862

Dear Brother,

Since the evacuation of Corinth, I have scarcely heard from our part of the country. We left on the 27th of May and moved South about 45 miles to Tupelo where we stayed until the first of August. From Tupelo we moved to our present Camp Saltillo, 12 miles north of Tupelo. I have been in one fight only, that at Corinth. ...We were ordered forward. We advanced in battle line about 200 yards through a dense forest. Came in sight of the enemy in an old field about 200 yards from us. We halted. The enemies advanced a few paces and fired on us. We fired at the same time and held our position a while, but at length we had to fall back, as they outnumbered us 4 to 1. We fell back about 50 yards and continued firing until they were about to flank us. We were reinforced and advanced. The Yanks retreated. No one was killed in our regiment.

It has been hot and dry here. Not a great deal of sickness in our army. We are getting very good water at this camp, but not such luck as to food. We get plenty to eat. Fare in general at quite high prices. Chickens are $1.50 and butter $1.00 a pound. We get plenty of peaches and apples at 10-20 cents a dozen.

Clothing is scarce and brings a high price. I have a good supply on hand--enough for 6 months. One can get most anything here he wishes too, at prices, as long as the money allows.

I thought sometime ago of going to the army in Arkansas, how our regiment heretofore having done so badly that I got dissatisfied and thought I would get out, but could not satisfactorily. Our regiment has improved since Province has taken command. Our men are well drilled. I will close this as Mid has written to Dallas and has given her all the news.

Yours, Ed.

"The Battle of Prairie Grove", from Mountain City Gazette

Monday, December the 7th, is the 34th anniversary of the battle of Prairie Grove, one of the most stubbornly contested battles fought in the Trans-Mississippi department during the war. The Federal forces were commanded by Gens. Herron and Blunt, and the Confederates by Gen. Hindman. For several days prior

to the battle Gen. Blunt's headquarters has been at Cane Hill, his force amounting to some six thousand men of all arms.

Hindman broke camp at Spadra Bluff, on the Arkansas river, in the latter part of November and marched his forces leisurely in this direction by way of Van Buren. His force numbered about twelve thousand, infantry, cavalry and artillery. While resting his troops a day or two at Van Buren, he learned that Gen. Herron had left Springfield with a force of five or six thousand men and was marching to reinforce Blunt. Then the object of the Confederate commander was to prevent a junction of the enemy's forces, and fight them in detail. In this he was not altogether successful, as, notwithstanding the great exertions made by the Confederate troops, Herron had quickened his march and was within two hours march of Blunt's camp when Hindman threw his forces between them at Prairie Grove and attacked Herron's cavalry with onfederate cavalry under Marmaduke.

Soon his infantry and artillery came up and Herron's whole force was engaged, resisting stubbornly until about noon, when Blunt succeeded in placing his force on Herron's right and the battle grew fiercer and only ended with the coming of night, both armies claiming a victory, but the result was the abandonment of this portion of Arkansas by the Confederates.

Today may be seen upon our streets a few grizzled veterans who fought in opposing ranks on that day and many sleep in the cemeteries adjoining our city. A few years and those now living will have joined their comrades on the other shore. Let us hope those beautiful hills and valleys will never be trodden by hostile armies again. The following is the personal experience and feelings of one who participated in that bloody struggle, now a prominent citizen of Fayetteville, and still looking hale and hearty: Captain S. P. Pittman.

On the 7th, after the enemy had been driven to shelter behind his artillery and the sun had gone down in a cloud of sulphurous smoke, and the dusk of evening was coming on, our regiment was moved from the corner of the "Borden Orchard" where we were formed after the last charge, and where the hardest fighting of the day had occurred, to a point in the woods about 150 yards to the south and west, when we were given permission to "lie down arms" and take a rest we very much needed, having marched from Morrows in the morning, fought one of the hardest battles of the war, and being hungry and nearly famished for water. Naturally anxious about my family, whom I had not seen for several months, I obtained permission to visit them for a hours, and slinging the canteens of two comrades over my shoulder with my own, I struck out through the woods to my home, which I found converted into a hospital. My family, however, were well and uninjured, and I was soon among the wounded who

occupied all the available space in the building. Among those there I found my 2d Lt. fatally, and my 3d Lt. slightly wounded. Our 1st Lt. I knew was dead upon the field. Others of our company and regiment were there, and a great many whom I did not personally know but were members of the same Brigade. The surgeons were dressing wounds and doing all that could be done for them, but the brave fellows could not hide their suffering, and to cheer them I gave them a brief account of the battle after they had fallen. They would make special inquiry about certain members of Mess or Company, and when I would tell them how gallantly that friend had borne himself their eyes would sparkle and a shout would almost break from their lips.

Alas! Few of those lips ever uttered battle shouts again; a few there were who long months afterward, came into camp looking like the ghosts of their former selves. And two or three of those men are here today, but their wounded comrades of that night, one by one, passed over the silent river, and today let us hope, are watching us from a better and brighter world. It was no pleasure to be there and witness their sufferings, and after apprising them that morning would find us moving toward Springfield, with the enemy in flight, I bade them goodbye and with a sad but hopeful heart went back to the battle ground.

This, I remember, was one of the times in my experience when ignorance was bliss, and I have since often wondered whether or not I would have acted as I did had I known the true situation. But a firm conviction that our march north would not be seriously impeded, and that by the time we reached Springfield I had no doubt that I would be able to write that the war was over and that I would spend Christmas at home. Filled with these hopes, I was not long in regaining the spot where I had no doubt the command was resting. Every moment as I approached the spot I expected to be challenged, but no challenge came and, still drawing nearer, I could see the bright barrel of my gun, which I had leaned against a fallen tree, gleaming in the moonlight. Grasping it, I stood almost without breathing, and listened. Away to the south, about the top of the mountain, I caught the rumble of artillery, and the tramp of many feet was borne upon the air as it softly stirred the leaves remaining upon the trees. Down in the orchard I could hear groans, and once or twice a shriek as of intense pain. To the northeast, on the Illinois, where the heavy columns of the enemy's infantry had been formed in the morning, I could hear the waters falling over the rocks where I had spent many hours each season in happy boyhood with rod and line, little dreaming of the fearful carnage I had that day witnessed.

All else was still. My heart sank within me, and I remember now, after er years with their vicissitudes have passed, the pain that shot like a bullet through me when I first realized

realized that our army was in retreat. From a victorious and hopeful soldier, I seemed to be changed into a dull, unfeeling machine. I sat down in the leaves and tried to think, tried to imagine what could cause our commander to retreat when everything seemed so propitious for an advance. But I could not sit there; it was midnight, and up from the orchard came cries and groans, and men calling for water.

I remembered seeing, as we returned from the last charge in the evening, a young officer whom I had known from childhood, horribly mutilated by a cannon shot, lying near the fence. He was alive when I passed him, and begged piteously for a drink. Not being able to respond to his appeal, I only bent over him long enough to see that his wound was fatal, and passed on. I now determined to go down to the orchard, and if he was still alive, give him water. I did not then know that the enemy had gone, and I crept cautiously toward that part of the ground where I knew he was lying, and, reaching the fence, crossed it and was alone with the dead and dying. On the same spot where I had left the young officer in the evening he still lay. The pale, girlish face was upturned to the moonlight, the frost glistened on the brown hair, one hand clutched a bunch of dried grass, while the other rested on his breast. But from that breast the spirit had passed to its last camp beyond the river. Near him on every side lay men as if asleep, some still grasping their guns, while it looked as if others had carelessly thrown them aside. One, whom I had thought to be dead, moved and uttered a faint moan. I went to him, raised his head, placed a canteen to his lips, and bade him drink; but death was too near or consciousness had left him.

Feeling satisfied now that no armed enemy occupied the field I concluded to go out toward the center of the orchard where I could hear a voice calling, I thought, for water. Up to this time I do not remember that I had decided what to do as regarded myself. My coming into the orchard was for a special purpose, as I have stated. Once there, I decided to relieve the thirst of the wounded until the water in my three canteens gave out. Passing a number of dead, I stopped near the middle of the orchard to reconnoiter. I had stood but a moment, when a form in front and to my right, raised partially on his elbow and shrieked, "Mother! Mother!" This was the voice I had heard, no mistaking it. In his agony and delirium the wounded soldier had remembered his mother, and with his life-blood fast ebbing away, his cry went out to her who, perhaps at that very moment was praying for her darling boy's safe return. But war is cruel, and the cry for loved ones is often only answered in another world. I would like to think that, as the end drew near, the dying boy imagined his mother with him, felt her soft kiss upon his bloodless lips and, as the slender fingers brushed back the damp hair, heard her gentle voice say, "All is well;

lie still and sleep. Your mother is on guard tonight." Who knows? May she not have been there?

Until now, nothing had seemed strange to me. I had crossed and recrossed the field so often during the day that the bodies lying on the ground were familiar objects. But now a chill crept over me that I had not felt during the fiercest of the conflict. The moon was gliding down behind the treetops that bordered the field on the west, and long shadows stretched far out into the open ground where I was standing. And just then, an owl flitted past with that shadowy, ghost-like movement peculiar to that bird. And I began to realize the weird surroundings to such an extent that a desire possessed me to leave them behind. As I turned toward the wood on the west, the cry of that delirious boy rang out upon the still night, and I only stopped once when passing three soldiers grouped under an apple tree, where they had managed to kindle a small fire with twigs found near. They were all wounded and unable to leave the field. Two wore the blue overcoats of the federal army and the other the gray jacket of the rebel; but with them the war was over and physical suffering banished all hatred. Thoughts of home, wife or mother, perhaps, filled their minds and made the ghastly wounds give more intense pain, because for them the end was near.

Leaving my canteens with these men, I left the orchard, and struck out for the mountains south, over which I could still hear our army passing. It was a sad and lonely tramp, but I went into camp with the boys just at daylight on the same ground from which we had moved just twenty-four hours before. To me, it seemed an age; I could not realize that all I had witnessed and felt could happen in so short a time, and it was impossible to keep from looking around for the familiar forms that nevermore would be with us. That morning when I called the company roll many gallant fellows failed to answer for the first time. From this camp our hardships began, and the homes we left behind us that night knew us no more until the end of the war.

Often during the years that have followed I have thought of that night and wondered if those left lying in death were not happier than their comrades who were spared to endure so much and so long. And often that boy's cry for his mother has rung in my ears as I heard it then. And a century of time could not dim the memory of that night upon the battlefield of Prairie Grove. Nothing but the grave can banish the vivid recollection from my mind!

Letters from Samuel Pinckney Pittman to his wife

Little Rock, Ark.
January 27, 1863

My Dear Sarah,

Although I have nothing to write I am sure that my letters are always welcome. This is one pleasure a soldier enjoys when enduring the many hardships of camp life. To know that there are those at home who are always thinking of us and are ready to welcome us. I have written to you every week since I saw you, though a good many of the letters may not reach you. I have not heard a word since the one you wrote on the 13th of December and I am exceedingly anxious to hear from you. If you have been permitted to stay at home it is more than I expect.

My heart almost stops beating when I think of the many trials and privations to which you may have been subjected. I had hoped that you and our boy would never experience the trouble and inconvenience which war brings with most people. But alas it could not be so. A bloody battle must be fought almost at your very door, your home used as a hospital and your property destroyed. For aught I know, you've been compelled to leave the home which you covet so much for want of bread.

These things trouble me and yet I am not able to remedy them. Still I fondly cherish the hope that it may be better with you than at present seems possible. I fear that from your peculiar temperament and your tender constitution that you will not be able to bear the hardships and privations which you may be compelled to undergo. May God protect you from the storm, being too tender for the rough blast which sweeps over and desolates our country. Should I be spared to see the end of the War, I will try by kindness and by surrounding you with every comfort to make you forget the terrible scenes through which you will have passed.

I will send this by Colonel Brooks or Colonel Gunter. I have tried very hard to come myself, but cannot possibly get off. You will have an opportunity of sending me a letter by the one who bears this one. Write me a long letter that I may know with what circumstances you are surrounded.

As to news, there are a thousand rumors but nothing positive. All rumors agree that our cause is gaining ground. A great many of the Yankees are deserting and coming to Little Rock to be paroled. Some reports say as many as 3,000 have deserted since they left Arkansas Post. Our army is recruiting. Those who went home are returning. No one can say when the war will end. If you were to ask me what I thought about it, I would answer that should our forces repulse them at Vicksburg and at

other points on the Mississippi this spring, it is my opinion that the Northern People will desist from further prosecution of the War. Arkansas may be run and destroyed by the Federals and yet we will triumph. Our cause is just and the God of battles will decide the bloody contest in our favor, whenever in his wisdom He may deem it time.

So be of good cheer, my dear wife, and wait as patiently as you can the "good times" coming. Though our property be destroyed and our home desolated, if God but spares our lives we still have enough to make us happy in the love we possess for one another. I do not shrink from poverty on my own account and when it comes I can meet it with as strong an arm and as brave a heart as I know can fight for those I love.

By the time you get this I am in hopes that the enemy will be forced to leave our country. I am very anxious to see you and will make every honest endeavor to get home at the earliest opportunity. But I cannot do as many have done, and I know you would be shocked at the idea of me deserting as many have done who profess to be respectable at home. Tell them all to come back and be men. They will be pardoned.

I have read the following (will be made public in a day or two. It is hereby believed true).

> "Sam Pittman, 1st Sergeant in Co. K, is being promoted to rank of Lieutenant in Captain Pettigrew's Co., 2nd Reg., Ark. Infantry, for his brilliant conduct on the Battle Field of Prairie Grove. This ordered by Colonel Brooks, County Regiment. Approved by Lieut. Hindman."

It is more pleasure to me as it came voluntarily and without me asking. I will endeavor to so conduct myself that you'll never be ashamed to own me as your husband.

We are encamped near Little Rock and are preparing to stay here until spring. The army has been well-clothed, with the exception of such things as socks, which could not be procured. We have plenty of provisions. Col. Brooks goes out to bring back those who have deserted us. I am looking for Wilson every day and I hope to hear from you. Write to me by every opportunity. You may think it strange that I do not give you advice as to what to do. Your own judgment will be a better guide than mine as I do not know how you are circumstanced. I only say do that which will give you the least trouble, regardless of cost.

Kiss my boy for me and talk to him of me.

Yours affectionately,
S. P. Pittman

Little Rock, Ark.
July 17, 1863

My dear Sarah,

I arrived here a day or two since. I was sick on the road. Suffered with neuralgia above my eye but I am well now. I reported to headquarters and the officers expressed great satisfaction with my report and gave me a certificate to that effect which I will send you as soon as I have an opportunity of showing it to Colonel Brooks. They advised me to stay here a few days. I suppose they will send me to my command, which is somewhere on the White River.

I reckon you have heard of our repulse at Helena. We lost 700 or 800 men--killed, wounded, and imprisoned. None of Brooks' men were hurt. He was placed in a position to guard a battery and was not in charges that were made. Sagar's Brigade suffered more than any other. Helena was strongly fortified and had more Federals in it than our generals were aware of. For the last ten days the news has been that Vicksburg had fallen. It is rumored that it surrendered 16,000 men on the 4th, and that Port Hudson surrendered on the 9th. There is no positive information in this case and about ½ of the people believe it, and others do not. Among the non-believers I number myself. I think it is a falsehood raised by the Federals. I am not uneasy about it at all, and I am not going to believe it until we get better evidence that it is so.

I send you the last Bulletin. You will see by that that Gen'l Lee has whipped the Federals in Pennsylvania and is in possession of Washington City. I expect that is so. Federal papers of the 3rd and 4th claimed victory. They commenced rejoicing too soon. The fighting was mostly done on the 5th when Lee gave them an awful whipping, taking 40,000 prisoners. General Johnston had also whipped Grant at Jackson, Miss., destroying one whole corps (which is several brigades). I hope in a few days we'll get the straight of things, and I will write to you.

I am sorry that our army was defeated at Helena, but I suppose it will not amount to much. No one expects much done on this side of the river, as we have a small force. If the rumors about Vicksburg should prove true, it will be hard on us and protract the War. But it will not discourage us. I have heard nothing late of The Boys (his brothers) at Port Hudson, but I hope they are all right. I have collected that account of Mock's; also, one of my own for $160.00. I send you these 100 dollar bills bearing interest, which you will keep unless you should need them, and in that event make the _____ pay the interest on them. You will pay Aunt Nancy eleven dollars and one half which I collected for Sam. Give Mr. Mock two hundred and two dollars and fifty cents to pay himself. Tell Goodman that

I got thirty dollars for the wheat the men got when I was at home. You will pay him $15.00 when he divides the money he got for wheat with you. I also got $20.00 to pay for pasture. When they use your pasture, make them give you a receipt or pay the money.

July 19, 1863

I have waited this long to get some news. This morning General Holmes got news up to the 14th that Vicksburg was all right. In the morning I will start for Searcy about 50 miles from here. I think our headquarters will be established there. I send this by Uncle Mid, but it may be some time before I have an opportunity of sending you another letter. You must not be uneasy. I send you some happenings although some of the news in them is not correct. I think the story of Vicksburg being taken in Federal manufactured, and I am not uneasy. Be cheerful, my dear wife. Kiss Willie for me and tell him to kiss you for me.

Affectionately yours,
Sam P. Pittman

Monticello, Ark.
Sept. 12, 1864

My dear Sarah,

I am glad to have an opportunity of writing to you. I was sick when I wrote you and fear you would be uneasy about me. I have been in the county ever since I wrote you last. I stayed at a very nice house with very clean people. I am well now but I am very poor, and not very strong. You know how the chills leave me.

I was happy to get your kind letters of July 22nd and 23rd. I was so glad to hear that you and Willie were well, and had something to eat. I was almost afraid to hear from you. I do not know how you and the nabors have done so well. I wrote to you by several who I think will get home, to come out if you could and you thought it prudent. Holcombe promised to bring you out. The Cavalry has crossed the river above Little Rock, but since then we have heard nothing from them. I do not know whether they have gone on into Mo., or not. Some think they will not go into Mo. until we drive the Feds from Little Rock. In that case, we will move soon, as we are getting reinforcements from Texas and Louisiana--about 10,000. Everything indicates an advance. If you could get out with anything and get your things taken care of at home, I do not think I would let you go back soon. Cener says, if you come out that you and she could keep house. She is going to leave her father as he has such a large family to care for.

I never told you anything about Francin. He was stolen from

Holcombe in Texas last May by the Jay Hawkers. I did not write to you about it, because I felt all the time that I would get him back, and I did not want to trouble you. As good luck always happens to me, he got loose from them and went into a neighborhood where he was known. A gentleman took him up and wrote to Holcombe. When I got the letter I sent after him; he cost me $400.00 as Holcombe had offered a reward for him. So, you see, he is my horse now, but if you want to trade I suspect you can get him again for a fine suit of clothes. Major Earl is keeping him for me. I will try to keep him in sight after this. He is not hurt. Is as good as new and looks well. They say the colt in Texas will make a fine horse when grown, but I don't believe it.

A great many think we'll soon have peace. I do not know what to think about it. We can tell more about it after the election in November. The McClelland party say they are for stopping the war immediately if they come back into power but want the states to come back into the Union. Let's hope for the best.

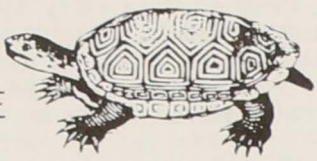
I got a letter from Daniel. I wrote you that he had resigned in the infantry and gone to the Cavalry. He got a position as adjutant in the regiment of Cabell's Brigade and likes it very much.

There seems to have been a revival of religion in Camp lately. Liza and Lacy Boone professed with many others. Howard has gone home.

My dear Sarah. I must communicate to you the death of your own brother, Ben. The noble hearted fellow has fallen. How it pains me to write this. Bear up, love, and do not grieve over what may be for his good. No nobler man has fallen a party to our cause. I do not know when he fell. This was from Cener. Cener is well. Write to me.

Your affectionate husband
Sam P. Pittman

P. S. Kiss my child, and talk to him about me. If you should go out to Washington, Lee is there and will take care of you until I can get to you. If we could get Little Rock, I could get home.

BETTER LATE  THAN NEVER

SEND US YOUR STORIES OF WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORY

PART II - SISTER AT HOME

A Civil War Journey, by M. Dallas Pittman Hinds

As I sit down to write an incident of my life which occurred during the Civil War, I can scarcely realize that forty-three years have passed since that time. The incidents connected with those four years of privation, pathetic make-shifts, heroic services in the home, the unceasing sacrifices and work for the soldiers, are still fresh in the memory of many gray heads. The children and grand children of Southern women cannot realize the unfailing faith in their country and its cause, nor the high courage and cheer which enabled the women of the South to attempt anything which they deemed necessary.

During the third year of the war the neighborhood in which I lived, near Fayetteville, Arkansas became destitute of the raw material from which we made our clothes. It was decided that a cousin, Mag Cunningham, and myself should make a trip to Clarksville, and bring home a bale of cotton which my uncle had at that place. We secured a wagon and yoke of oxen, and finally persuaded Jake Kifer, a boy of 13 or 14, to accompany us and drive.

Margaret Elizabeth Cunningham (Mrs. James Grace) in later years

We were living three miles northwest of Fayetteville, Arkansas (with her aunt, Eliza Tuttle Nolan of Mount Comfort) which was at that time occupied by Federal soldiers. So wishing to avoid the enemy, we went around Fayetteville, and struck our road near the White River. At noon we stopped at a house to get water. A woman, coming out, began to ply us with questions. It was the custom then to say, "Are you Union or Secesh?" We knew we were in Union territory and answered questions guardedly, and as Uncle Billy Cunningham was a noted secessionist, my cousin, in replying to what her name was, said Smith. I jokingly said, "If your name is Smith my name is Jones."

We jogged slowly along until nearly sunset, when we were

startled by a man riding out of the brush and commanding us to halt. He was a good looking young man, dressed in broadcloth and riding a fine horse. He began the usual questions. "Where are you going, where from, and what are you, and what are your names?" Under all circumstances, I never denied my loyalty to the South, so I told him where we were from, and our business, adding that I was a Rebel, Miss Jones, and the other girl Miss Smith. He seemed to doubt our politics until I showed him a letter from my brother who was in prison at Johnson's Island, Ohio (Lt. W. E. Pittman). Why I had the letter with me I do not know. In replying to my questions as to what he was, he said he was a Rebel soldier. He saw that I doubted this, and said, "What do you think I am?" I told him I thought him a robber, as Southern soldiers did not wear such clothes. "Oh," he said, "I killed a Federal major and got these clothes and horse, besides, I am on my way to a party and would like for you girls to go. There is a house a little farther on where you can stay for the night, and I will be there after supper." I asked him how we could go to the party and he said, "Ride behind us boys."

Arriving at this place and getting permission to remain over night, we, of course, gave our right names. The lady was well acquainted with Mag's father, which proved to them that we were southern people and we were treated very nicely. For some reason the boys did not show up.

We left next morning, and had gone but a little ways when we were overtaken by two men with scowling faces, telling us there was something wrong, as we had given Capt. Burket one name and the lady another. In speaking to the lady of our meeting with Capt. Burket, we neglected to mention the assumed names we had given him. Had he come, as he said, that night, we would have explained to him, and it would have saved us from quite an exciting time. These two men kept us there in the road some time and I cannot recall much of this conversation. They seemed to think we were carrying dispatches from one post to another. We were badly frightened. They finally let us go, telling us they would watch for us on our return.

That afternoon it began to rain. We had, in the meanwhile, got into the wire road, leading from Ft. Smith to Clarksville. Almost every house on this road was burned, and we began early to try to find a place to stay all night. We were of the opinion that those who were not burned out were Union, and we did not wish to stay with them, Mag remarking that she would sleep in the wagon before she would do so. Our first attempt was met by a flat refusal, saying we might probably stay at the next house, which, fortunately, was near. Applying at this place, the lady after much hesitation, permitted us to stay. After we had gone in a little boy came in the room wearing a jacket made

from a Federal uniform. Mag and I exchanged glances, and finally went out on the porch to consult. We were sure we were in the wrong place, but did not know how to get out of it. It had almost ceased raining, and was still early in the evening, so we decided to go on to the next house, which was four or five miles. The lady seemed pleased for us to go. About dark we were halted by a soldier and asked the usual questions. He told us he did not think we could be accommodated at the next house. As he left us, I saw him throw something over the telegraph wires, and I knew then that he was a wire cutter and no friend of the Federals. It was quite late when we arrived at this place and it was raining again. I told Cousin Mag it did not matter what their politics were we had to stay. The patient old oxen were very tired, and we were wet and hungry. The woman of the house, finding we were from Fayetteville going to Clarksville, refused to let us stay. As the door was open, I walked in anyway, followed by Mag and the boy. As I said before, I always told on which side my sympathies were, and was proud to tell it, but somehow we could not get people to believe it. Fayetteville and Clarksville were both Federal posts, and they could not understand how Southern girls could go from one to the other. The woman said, "I rather think you are Federal officers' wives carrying dispatches." There were several women and girls at this place, but all seemed reticent concerning themselves, while plying us with questions. After we had retired in a loft we heard men come into the room and recognized the voice of the wire cutter. We had been deprived so long of being with Southern boys that we would have enjoyed meeting these soldiers.

The fourth and last day, I do not recall anything worth mentioning. We arrived late at Clarksville, tired and worn out. We remained there about a week. The bale of cotton we had traveled so far to get was gone. We did, however, secure a small quantity.

Girls will be jolly under most all circumstances, and while there, in a spirit of fun, we, with several of the Clarksville girls, decided to visit a gypsy camp and have our fortunes told. I remember I was very indignant when she told me my future husband was in the North and that within three weeks from that time I would get a letter from him, and also that I would meet a widower the third day from then who would fall in love with me. I mention this as it belongs in the story.

The second year of the war the encroachment of the enemy caused quite a number of refugees to take their most valuable possessions South. Cousin Mag's family had sent a large trunk belonging to her brother and wife (both of them having died in the meantime) to her sister in Clarksville. Failing to get the cotton, she decided to take the trunk back home as the Federals

were there and it would be as safe with us. How we dreaded the return trip. Our troubles began the first day. About three in the afternoon we were on the same wire road, mentioned before, when three boys halted us, demanding the dispatches which they said we had. Neither one was over eighteen, and I felt like I could whip them myself had they been unarmed. One guarded the road while the others began plundering the wagon, emptying the contents of the trunk in the wagon bed, or rather, partly emptying it and taking everything which attracted them and piling it on their horses. I was the possessor of a large cape, of which I was very proud. One of the boys liked it, too, and threw it across his saddle. I had not said much to them, but now I was good and mad and began getting out of the wagon, telling them I would fight for that cloak. There were plenty of rocks, and I could throw them and hit the mark as well as any boy. He saw I meant business, and threw the cloak back to me, saying he would have the watch I had on when he got through the valise he was searching. Soon after, he came blustering up to me, saying, "Hand out that watch." I wanted to spit in his face and answered defiantly, "I will not do it." "Well, you will." "Well, I'll not," and then we stared at each other like two cats. I saw that he would use force, so I slipped the little locket from my belt, saying that it wasn't a watch. "Oh," he said with a sickly grin, "I wouldn't have that thing. I thought it was a watch you had on that cord." The other one was busy in Cousin Mag's pocket, taking her handkerchief and trinkets. As a parting threat, they told us that if we stopped anywhere and reported them, they would burn the wagon, kill the oxen and make a bushwhacker of the boy.

We started on, with our things bouncing around in the wagon bed, too frightened to stop and arrange them. The first house we came to we stopped and began putting our things back in the trunk. Two women, seeing us, came out, wanting to know what was the matter. We told them of the robbers and their threats. Glancing up, I saw two men watching us from behind a brush pile. "There they are now," pointing them out. "That is my husband," the woman replied, and beckoned for them to come. After telling these men our trouble, they recognized them as deserters from their company. We gave them a list of the missing articles, they telling us where to put up for the night, saying they would follow, and recover the things, and see us again that night.

On reaching this place, which, by the way, was the same at which we had been refused on our way down, we gave the names of the men who had sent us there, and knowing then that we were all on the same side, were cordially treated and had a laugh over our former suspicions. We also found out that the next house, which we had left on account of the little boy having on the blue jacket, was the lady's daughter and all loyal Confederates.

During the conversation that night I mentioned my two brothers in prison who belonged to the Sixteenth Arkansas regiment, and had surrendered at Port Hudson, Louisiana (Wm. E. Pittman, and Jas. M. Pittman). She clasped her hands, saying, "My boy was there, and I do not know whether he is dead or alive. His name is Capt. A. J. Ransom." I told her that two thousand officers were on Johnson's Island, Ohio, and he too was probably there with my brothers. She wrote him a letter for me to enclose with mine.

The two Confederate soldiers came in that night, bringing most of the articles taken. We had a pleasant time with them, and I learned one of them was a widower, which reminded me of the gypsy fortune teller. I have forgotten the names of both these men, which I regret, as they were very kind to us. They advised us not to return the way we came, as Burket's men infested the mountains and would give us trouble, but to go by way of Ozark. This would necessitate going back for several miles over the same road on which we were robbed the day before. They told us they could not travel the road, but would keep us in sight until we turned off from the wire road, then they would go on with us as their company was to meet in Ozark that day. We did as they advised, and felt that we were protected, as they came into the road once or twice, said a few words and disappeared into the brush.

After leaving the wire road, we eagerly looked for them to escort us on. We never saw nor heard of them again and I have often wondered if those boys did not kill them, for we had not gone far on this road when we saw eight men on horses standing in the road, apparently waiting for us. If ever two girls were badly frightened, it was then when we recognized the three who had robbed us, and five more, and remembered their threat. As we came up, they closed up around us and traveled on with us. Cousin Mag could not say a word, and I had to do the talking. For quite a while this comic procession moved along. Occasionally I could hear Mag whisper, "Whip them up, Jake." The poor old oxen were almost exhausted with such rapid traveling. We finally came to a little stream, and a house was in sight. As we stopped for the oxen to drink, Cousin Mag jumped out and ran to the house, leaving the boy and me surrounded by these men, or rather boys, as they were all young. One of them said to me, "I heard you were robbed yesterday. Do you know who did it?" "Yes," I said, "that one on the gray horse, and that and that one," pointing them out and calling their names, the other men having told us who they were. "And besides," I continued, "they are going to hang them today in Ozark for deserters." They had previously told us they were going there.

They seemed disturbed by what I had told them and after consulting a while, rode off, and before they were out of sight,

left the main road. We did not see them again, nor did they come into Ozark that day, as we made particular inquiry about them, and also of the other two men.

While there I went to see J. H. Berry (later Senator Berry), who had just had his leg amputated. His sister, Mrs. Arch McKennon, was with him and so worried because she could not hear from her husband who had also surrendered at Port Hudson and belonged to the same command as my brothers. She gave me a letter to send to the prison, as he, being an officer, would be with the others, if alive. We left there the next day and somehow Burket's men got on our trail again. In the afternoon as we were passing a house, two men came out and stopped us. They talked very pleasantly to us and we enjoyed the chat. A girl, also coming out, gave me a 25-cent shinplaster for my belt, saying she lived so far from a store and I could get another. We had not gone very far when we came to the foot of Mulberry mountain and had stopped to rest. We heard the clatter of horses and these same men dashed up to us. What a change. They seemed transformed and looked like demons. They ordered us out of the wagon and said they were going to search for dispatches they knew we were carrying, and if they found anything which proved we were Union, they would kill the boy and oxen, burn the wagon, and leave us there, helpless, at the foot of the mountain. Burket's men had sworn that no Union man, woman, or child should pass that road if they knew it. They told of the indignities that had been heaped upon their families, the murder of fathers and insults to mothers and sisters.

We had nothing to prove we were Southern except the letreferred to before, and were ignorant of the contents of the trunk. As they searched they began also to fill pillow slips with things which they found in the trunk, until three were full. Cousin Mary Jane May (Mag's sister) had sent her mother a pair of shoes. These were too tempting to the almost barefoot soldier so he doffed his old ones and put them on. They kept us there two or three hours.

Part of the time we were crying and abusing them. I soon noticed when we were abusive, they retorted in the

Mary Jane Cunningham May

same spirit, and when we forced a smile and seemed to be cheerful, some of the grimness would leave their faces, so I exerted all my energies to get them in a good humor, and I began by flattery, saying to the one who had on the shoes, "What a nice little foot you have for a man. I know you were well raised. It is the direst necessity that would cause you to take these shoes from an old lady who is wearing some made of home-made cloth." And then I told them of my experience in making a pair from the top of an old pair of boots. I had an awl, last, and pegs, a piece of saddle skirt for the sole. I worked on the first one most of the day, and really had a nice looking shoe when completed. My disappointment was great when I found that it was pegged hard and fast to the last. I did not know that it required an inside sole, and when I pried it off it came to pieces.

They were in a better humor by this time, and to convince us they would not harm us if they found we were Southern, they proposed to keep the things, and go into our neighborhood the next night and find out about us, warning us if they found out we were Union they would surely burn our homes. "How do we know you will come?" I asked. "I will leave this pistol with you and will come for it tomorrow night," one of them replied. "All right," I eagerly exclaimed, and made a grab for the pistol which he had in his hand. He jumped back, saying, "By God, I believe she would shoot." Laughingly, I said, "Yes, indeed, I'd shoot. If I could get that pistol, I would make you leave this wagon pretty quick." I did not, at the time, realize my own position, but knew the boy's life was in peril, as they had threatened to shoot him several times and their savage natures seemed to demand a victim. They were in no hurry and sometimes we would sit around and exchange experiences.

Finally, as the search progressed, the one in the wagon drew forth from the bottom of that trunk a Confederate flag. This flag had been made for the first volunteers at Fayetteville at the beginning of the war. It was not made exactly right and had been discarded and packed away with other things. As he unfolded it, he said, "This proves what you are." The other said, "They put it in there for a blind." I realized that on that flag depended our help from further trouble and I launched forth into my first and only patriotic speech. I do not remember much I said; anyway, I succeeded in arousing their patriotism and manhood. I ended by requesting one of them to get me a pole. To this I pinned the flag and, waving it around, I went up to one who had mounted his horse and who had two slips in front of him. With one hand I presented the flag, requesting him to present it to Captain Burket with our compliments, and, with the other I drew the slips from him, and tossed them in the wagon. The other had, in the meantime, taken off the shoes and given them back. They finally left us without taking

a thing except the flag, which seemed to please them. With it proudly waving over them, they disappeared, with the old rebel yell echoing along the mountain.

The remainder of our journey is a blank. I can only remember arriving home and Cousin Alice Nolen (Moore) meeting me and saying, "What is the matter? You look like you have had a hard spell of sickness."

This is only my experience. Cousin Mag could probably give a more interesting account and remember many things I have forgotten. Will add that after reaching home, I sent the letters which had been consigned to my care. I was gratified to know I had been instrumental in Captains McKennon and Ransom hearing from their loved ones, and through me a communication was kept up between them, while they remained in prison. Captain Ransom and I also corresponded. The girls teased me considerably about my sweetheart in the North. Will say that his first letter came on the date fixed by the fortune teller and all that was lacking was that he must be tall, fair, and blue-eyed to fulfill the prediction. On my brother's return home I asked in regard to him, who said that he was of medium height, dark, and marked with smallpox.

So ended my little romance and also ends one of the many incidents which occurred in my life during the war.

(The preceding material comes to us from Ruth J. Dick who is currently engaged in writing the history of the Pittman family of Prairie Grove.)

OLD CIRCUIT COURT

BY LLOYD McCONNELL

Judge James M. Pittman

Judge J. M. Pittman convened the May term of Circuit Court and Sheriff George F. Deaver summoned the list of Grand Jurors who were accepted as follows:

B. F. Wilson, R. C. Walker, D. W. Moore, John C. Pyeatt, Samuel Gibson, J. W. Greer, M. N. Dale, W. S. Bassett, Albert A. Moore, Jacob Yoes (Sr.), T. J. Mullins, S. H. Blackmer, R. H. Mayes, G. W. Droke, J. Q. Benbrook and J. M. Grimes who was appointed foreman. Those discharged included Anderson Sanders, S. K. Reed, J. Y. Harrison, Barton A. Carl, and W. Y. Wilkerson.

The petit jury included Geno P. Roberts, H. T. Carney, Ransom Hester, B. F. Johnson, Albert Byrnes, H. E. Vaughan, H. L. Glass, Thomas Brooks, J. E. Mock, H. C. Pyeatt, Timothy McCarty, H. S. Spivey, S. B. Marrs, G. W. Barnett, Phil Maguire, W. J. Mount, C. A. Mulholland, J. W. Hansard, C. R. Gilbreath, Joe Wilson, W. P. Moulden, J. W. Rutherford and J. M. Langston who were seated in the jury box.

A number of misdemeanors was the business on the first day of the term, and after their disposal the court could get down to the more serious business of major crimes. Charged with the usual offense of carrying weapons were J. H. Sidwell, John Upgrove, Newt Woods, Fred Cline and John Devore. The going fine for this offense was $50.00 per.

Charges of disturbing public worship were filed against John Hughes, Robert Rutherford, Nelson Jones, Benton White and William Bond. More serious charges were filed against Stephen K. Stone, William Davis and Sam Cox, who were charged with assault to kill or assault with a deadly thing. Mama should have told them long ago, "Boys, don't take your guns to town."

Isaac Cherry was fined for failure to work the roads. S. K. Stone was found not guilty of assault with intent to kill and

murder. Brothers William, Joe, and Jack Parton were charged with fighting, and Joe and Jack were fined $10.00, and William was turned loose--probably just held the horses.

G. W. Droke, William Bassett and D. N. Moore were excused as jurors, and were replaced by J. F. Reynolds, John Ballard, and M. Wax.

Harry Kaiser and John Thompson were charged with assault to kill. Thompson took a change of venue to Benton County. William Bond was not guilty of carrying weapons but was fined $10 for disturbing public worship. James Emerson sold liquor, and was fined $200 for operating without a proper license.

Some charges against persons for illegal cohabitation were filed and that offense rated each party $20 in penalties. For many years this law was enforced, but in recent times people just bed down together, sometimes in communes. It doesn't seem to attract much attention nowadays. Winton & Harris were accused of selling liquor without a license, but were released after trial--just selling bitters.

David Bridenthal replaced J. Q. Benbrook as a juryman, and W. M. Rollins, B. E. Mitchell and G. R. Broyles replaced Timothy McCarty, H. C. Pyeatt and C. B. Marrs.

The State sued L. Gregg and received a judgment for $200 for a bond which had been forfeited. In the early days a bond was almost always furnished by friends or relatives, but a commercial bond is furnished by licensed bondsmen in late years.

Temperance Van Winkle, the mother of Peter Van Winkle, asked the Court to declare her son of legal age to sign papers, and the court removed the disabilities of minority.

The Court fixed bonds, as follows: for common misdemeanor, $250; for high misdemeanor, $500; for felonies less than capital, $750; and for murder less than first degree, $1,000.

Stephen K. Stone, David Bridenthal and B. F. Johnson were appointed Jury Commissioners. The Court adjourned until the next regular term, but on account of forgeries in school warrants a new jury was called in July which included the names of George Shreve, H. A. Davis, Harvey Rainwater, Frank Thomas, Alexander Hendry, H. P. Jenkins, Robert Anderson, Thomas Wainwright, Joe Dickson, George S. Allbright, Samuel Busey, Z. T. Kantz, J. B. Rutherford, John Bain, John Henbest, and Bud Pickens.

The Grand Jury returned an indictment against one, Crain, for forging school warrants on District No. 50.

THE W. H. RHEA ACCOUNT LEDGER

BY BURLENE HILTON

Many interesting items and their prices were found listed in an old account book of the W. H. Rhea store, located in Rhea's Mill, Arkansas, and dated 1867 and 1868.

This was a general merchandise store and served a large area of pioneer settlers. The time was following the Civil War and people purchased only the items needed.

Ladies' cotton hose sold for 50 cents. Flax thread sold for 10 cents. Black "domestic" sold for aprons, underwear and coffins, and was 20 cents per yard.

Mr. Gib Cohea made coffins, and purchased coffin screws, six yards of velvet, 10 yards of bleached domestic, small nails, tacks, 30 yards of unbleached domestic, and ten yards of black domestic in one purchase.

Salt was sold by the bushel or half bushel, price $2.00 per bushel.

William Wilson lived east of Rhea, and was probably the community doctor and dentist. He purchased many items of painkillers, camphor gum, turpentine, ague cure, Ayers pills and quinine (all used for summer chills). He also bought Taylor's bitters, eye salve, pheal's calomel, aludanum, worm candy, McClaim's cordial, epsom salts, castor oil, Jaynes' expectorant, vials of peppermint and whiskey or bourbon for $1.00 a quart.

Coal oil (kerosene) was $1.00 a gallon. Most customers purchased only a half gallon, and that not often.

School books were also sold here. A first reader cost 25¢, Wilson's second reader $1.50, mental arithmetic 50¢, McGuffey's fourth reader 75¢, school bucket $1.00, dictionary $1.25, and Smith's grammar $1.00. Spelling books cost 20¢, slates 15¢ to 40¢ according to size, pencils 10¢, ink 15¢, and Ray's arithmetic $1.50. Lots of fine combs sold at 20¢ each, coffee beans went three pounds for $1.00, and sugar was 25¢ a pound.

By 1868, many more household items were purchased: Ladies' fur hats were $3.50 to $6.00, men's wool hats $2.00; mens' silk handkerchiefs $1.00; ladies' linen handkerchiefs 35¢; ladies' gloves $2.25; hoop skirts $1.35; and a set of hoops for $1.00. Ladies' bun braids sold for 90¢ and ladies' saddles for $25.00.

The first man's suit was sold to J. D. Powell in 1868 for $28 and one to Lem Woody for $15.00. J. D. Edminston was the only

man to purchase hair oil for 50¢. Many shirt bosoms were sold for 50¢, and boxes of collars at 25¢ per box were popular.

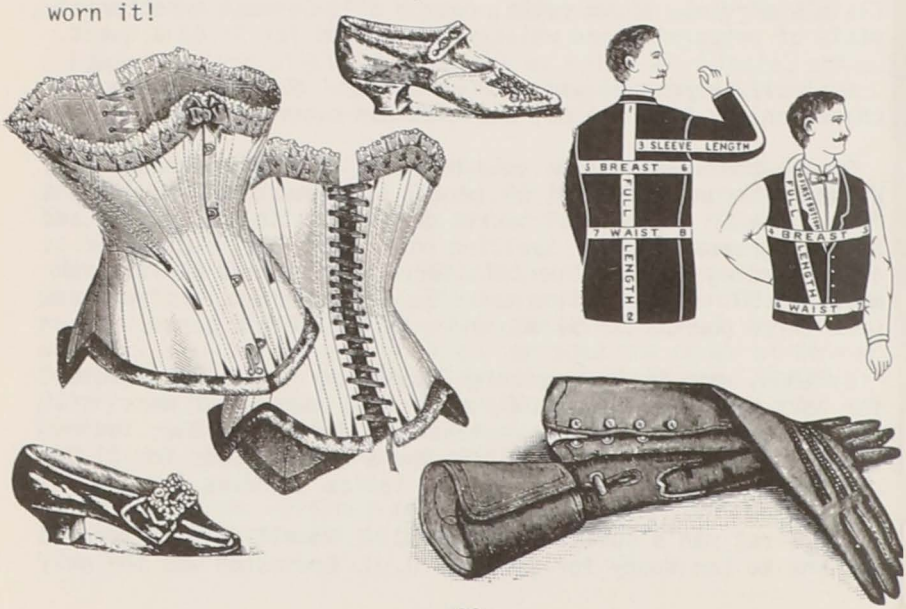
There wasn't much soap sold, but lye for making soap sold in large quantities.

Many wheat cradles were sold for $4.50 each.

This account book also gives us a clue as to when the developed apple orchards came into production. In 1867, more than 30 apple peelers were sold. Ann Holt, wife of Earls Holt who owned the first apple nursery near Rhea, on Beaty Mountain and Canehill, purchased the first peeler. Others were Wm. Henson, Solomon Burrow, Billie and Mep Crawford, John Pyeatte, Captain Samuel Marrs, Joel Cohea, David, Jesse and John Mayberry, Mrs. A. Taylor, Elizabeth Buchanan, D. K. Holt, Jesse Jordan, W. R. Black, David R. Matthews, Colonel Wm. Wilson and Gibson Cohea. There were 52 peelers on account during 1867 and 1868. Many accounts were settled with fresh or dried apples, and peaches. Some accounts were given credit for hauling freight from Fayetteville or Van Buren.

Other popular items were bed ticking material, jeans, linsey and candles.

Asafetida, a sum substance with an awful odor was carried in the store. Each child wore a wad of this gum, which was wrapped in cloth, tied to a string and hung about the neck to ward off disease. It was more apt to ward off friends--had not all worn it!



SOME FLETCHER HISTORY

BY LLOYD McCONNELL

Robert Fletcher with his wife, Mary Polly Wilson, arrived in Washington County very early. They settled on the rich bottom land where Middle Fork empties into White River, and which is now Lake Sequoyah. Robert Fletcher was born in Virginia, and his wife in Kentucky.

The late James H. Van Hoose wrote, in the Fayetteville Democrat of November 14, 1895, a story about the pioneer woman and her son in combat with a wild panther.

"One of the first white men who made a settlement in Washington County east of the Illinois Creek was Robert Fletcher, who laid preemption on the rich bottom of the Mouth of Middle Fork and moved his family into the log cabin built by the French trader Chouteau, which had been abandoned by him.

"Chouteau was believed to have built the first log cabin ever erected in northwest Arkansas. For some time the Frenchman, who came from St. Louis, lived at the trading house and sold goods to the Indians who occupied the area at that time."

Van Hoose said that Judge David Walker, prominent Washington County jurist, spent his first night in the county in the Chouteau cabin.

Sometime after Fletcher moved there, he went to Batesville after salt, riding one horse and leading another. During his absence there came a sudden rise in the White River, caused by heavy rains, and late in the afternoon the stream began to overflow.

Mrs. Fletcher and her children gathered up their few household goods and went up on the foot of the hill, camping there all night. Early the next morning she told her son John, a 12 year old, to go down to the river and see if the calf had escaped being drowned. They had forgotten to turn it out of the log pen.

John took his dog and went down through the cane thicket and along a narrow path. Near the log pen, he saw a large panther seated along the edge of the pathway. The dog ran at it, and it climbed up a sloping tree to the first fork and looked down with contempt upon the old hound, which began to bark at it.

John ran back to camp and told his mother, Mrs. Fletcher, to get the gun, an old flintlock rifle. She poured powder into it and rammed down a bullet, but the frizen had been broken off

the lock, which rendered it useless. She told John to bring along a chunk of fire, and the woman and boy went forward to give battle to the wild beast.

She approached to within 40 yards of the tree in which it was taking refuge from the dog, and getting a position where she could see its head, she laid the gun in the fork of a bush and told John to stand close by with his fire brand, that when she took her aim she would give command for fire, when he must lay the fiery end of the chunk on the powder with which she primed the gun.

With steady nerve she held the gun, and her keen eye looked through the hind sight until she could see the first sight shining clear in direct line with the panther's head.

She spoke the words John was waiting anxiously to hear, "Lay up the fire, John." John obeyed, there was a puff of smoke, a loud report echoed through the unbroken forest, and the panther came tumbling to the ground with the leaden bullet in its brain.

Mr. Van Hoose had heard the story from both the woman and her son John some forty years before writing it for the newspaper. He commented that "Some of our women of this late date might be brave enough to shoot a lion, but will run from a mouse."

John Fletcher was born in Kentucky on December 14, 1811. He married Malinda Price, and both are buried in Kings Cemetery.

It Looks Like a Nice Family. Who Are They?

MARRIAGES IN 1885

BY LLOYD MCCONNELL

Ebin Moss and Miss Etter Farley, ages 20 and 18, pledged their love and faith before J. J. Odall, a justice of the peace, on November 25th. The couple lived in the Wedington area.

West Forkers Bedford I. Murphy, 21, and Miss Mollie Lucas, 24, were married on September 15th by Justice M. York.

A. L. Nelson, Aquilla, somewhere in Washington County, age 24, and Miss Jodie Arnall, 25, also of that same city, were married on December 22nd by Justice H. G. Hartley. (According to Deane G. Carter's "Postmasters and Postoffices - 1829-1976", Aquilla was a postoffice established in 1884, near Springdale.)

Jacob L. Newman and Miss Laura R. Smith, aged 20 and 21 years, of Fayetteville, went before the Rev. William Ingram for their tryst on January 29th.

A. B. Niccum, 31, of Springdale, married Miss Maggie Lankford, who was 20 and lived at Rogers, with J. S. Cowan performing the ceremony on September 22nd.

T. H. Day, a minister, read the matrimonial rituals for Thomas Norwood, 27, and Miss Martha Cockerel, 19, both of Rhea's Mill on March 16th.

J. W. Nunnley, 50, and Mrs. M. A. Howard, 34, took their wedding license to J. W. Garrett, who signed it on November 18th. They lived at Evansville.

Brentwood citizen John O'Brian, 52, and Mrs. Elisa Ramsey, 39, made their pledges before D. E. Jackson, Brentwood justice, on December 9th.

Daniel Osburn, 31, from Winslow, married Miss E. J. Prater, 16, of Schullerville, Madison County, on September 17th, the words spoken by E. Osburn.

D. M. Oxford, 18, and Miss Nattie A. Smith, 17, of Goshen were married by justice of the peace A. C. Watson, on December 6th.

J. A. Oxford, 21, and Miss Ellen Cravens, 20, both from Goshen, were before justice of the peace W. H. Mayes, on December 21st and he pronounced them husband and wife.

A. Parker, of Carters Store on Middle Fork, 26 years old, married 35-year-old Mrs. Elta Pearson of Fayetteville on March 16 with Justice J. C. Massie reading the ceremony.

Brentwood folks J. W. Parker and Miss Evalan McGaugh were married on December 20th by L. A. Hobbs, justice. Parker was 26, and she was 18.

Thomas J. Pasley, 26, and Miss Mary A. Luther, 16, of the Howe community, said their vows before W. J. Hogg, Wedington justice of the peace, on March 5th.

The wedding of W. M. Pasley, 21, of Rheas Mill, and Miss Annie Ellis, 19, of Viney Grove, was on November 9th, with T. J. Day, a minister, officiating.

Hugh L. Pettigrew, 51 years, married Mrs. Sultana Pearson, 46, on January 21st, with J. P. Wilson, a justice, doing the ceremony. Pettigrew had lived at Farmington, and his bride at Elm Springs.

John W. Pharr and Miss Ella Malone, both of Springdale, 19 and 18 years, went to justice of the peace J. C. Massie for their July 14 wedding ceremony.

Samuel Phillips, 35, and Miss Francis C. Babb, 40, of Billingsley, were married on January 25th by Justice H. H. Barron.

C. D. Fry, minister, performed the February 12th wedding ceremony for J. M. Pitkin and Miss Lillie Woolsey, age 15, of Pitkin. J. M. Pitkin was 24. The railroad called it Pitkin, the people called it Woolsey.

A Southwest City, Missouri, gentleman, W. D. Polson, 54 years, came down for Mrs. S. F. Quarles, 53, and they were married on September 14th by L. W. Davies. Then back to Southwest City.

Farmington citizens, G. W. Pool, 52, and Miss Rose E. Lyon, 20, were married by Joel H. Webb, justice of the peace, on May 15.

W. B. Poor and Miss Fannie E. Garrett, ages 23 and 17, of Fayetteville, had their September 13th wedding performed by Justice W. J. Hogg.

A. F. Pyeatt, 31, married Miss Mary E. Edmiston, 26, both from Prairie Grove, on December 2nd, with the Rev. James Lokey taking their pledges.

J. H. Pyeatt, 26, and Miss M. C. Mitchell, 20, took their vows before H. H. Collier, justice of the peace. Their chosen date was November 15th.

John Qualls, Boone County, Arkansas, and Miss Mary E. Reasser, 21, of Fayetteville, were married July 27th bt J. F. Johnson, a justice of the peace.

E. Z. Randen, 33, and Miss E. J. Burchett, 37, both of Mankins, were married by the Rev. Johnson Crawford on March 8th.

James H. Rigsbe, 44, of West Fork, pledged his troth to Felena Howell, 17, of Boonsboro, on July 26th, before M. York, a justice of the peace.

A. J. Reed, 33, and Miss M. J. Martin, 21, of West Fork, asked Justice John Cox to do their marrying on January 5th.

J. A. Reed, 33, and Mrs. Mary E. McHone, 37, were wed July 17, by Justice J. F. Johnson.

QUERIES

Willa Sorensen, 13 Loma Linda, Goodyear, Arizona 85338 would like to exchange information with anyone working on the following SMITH lines: Boling (Bowling), Booker, Jacob, Marshall B., John B., or Peter. Time period--1830-1850. To Washington County, Arkansas, from Hawkins County, Tennessee, and Pittsylvania County, Virginia.

Louise Maloy, 19976 Avenue 237, Lindsay, California 93247 asks for information on the following: James MALOY, born March 4, 1834, Tennessee, married to Nancy Thompson August 9, 1855; and William Maloy, born November 13, 1857, Fayetteville, Arkansas. James fought for Confederacy during the Civil War as a captain for the Confederacy. James died on Feb. 24, 1908 in Arkansas, Kansas or Tennessee.

Agnes Leakey, P. O. Box 26, Alma, AR 72921 asks: "Is anyone working on the following families: Isaac Anderson CAMPBELL, b. 1818, d. 1855, m. Nancy C. BLACKWELL, b. 1820 in Tennessee. Her mother might have been Elizabeth ----- Blackwell, b. 1800. Their children: John Thomas Campbell (my great-grandfather), b. 1830; Armette or Anette Jane, Mary, George Monroe, William, Minerva Ann, Isaac Andrew. They were in Washington County in 1850 and 1860. I believe Thomas M. Campbell is related (probably a brother). He married Narcissa ALEXANDER, I think, and their children were: Manerva 1839, Mary 1840, John 1841, William 1842, Elizabeth 1843, Susan 1844, Jane 1845, Mariah 1846, Sarah 1847. Would like any information available."

If You Know These Two Charmers - Let FLASHBACK Know!

WASHINGTON COUNTY WAR DEAD
WORLD WAR II

Part 1 of 2 Parts

by Colonel Jack F. Diggs

In World War II, the State of Arkansas suffered the loss of 4,650 of its citizens as dead or missing while in the military service. Of these, 3,814 had served in the Army of the United States (which included the Army Air Corps), and 836 had served in the U. S. Navy, U. S. Marines, and U. S. Coast Guard.

Washington County lost 105 men who died or were missing while serving in the Army of the United States, and 29 dead or missing who were in the U. S. Navy or U. S. Marine Corps, a total of 134 men. The county has a memorial in the courthouse to the war dead of World War I, but it has no memorial to the dead of World War II, nor, for that matter, the dead of the Korean and Viet Nam wars. Service organizations might wish to consider the desirability of establishing a suitable memorial.

The total of dead or missing men from the county in the Army of the United States during the period from May 27, 1941, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt declared an unlimited national emergency, until January 31, 1946, includes 69 killed in action (KIA), 8 died of wounds (DOW), 20 died from non-battle causes (DNB), and 8 for whom a finding of death (FOD) was determined.

The citizens of Washington County should keep green the memories of those who made the supreme sacrifice for the nation.

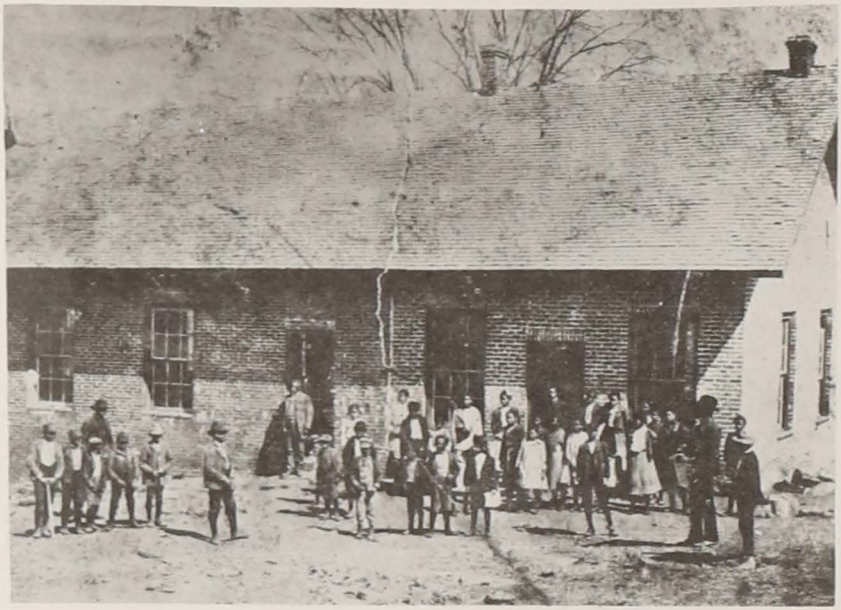
Army of the United States:

Armstrong, Arden C., PFC	KIA	Chapman, Carl C., PFC	KIA
Baker, Joe E., TEC5	DOW	Cheatham, Clyde C., SGT	DNB
Baucom, Gilbert J., PVT	KIA	Collins, Forrest, PFC	KIA
Baucom, Warren H., PFC	KIA	Copeland, Albert R., TSG	KIA
Berner, Chris W., PFC	KIA	Cordes, Richard E., PVT	KIA
Bibb, Troy M., 2LT	DNB	Cawthon, Ray H., PVT	KIA
Biggs, James H., PFC	KIA	Davis, John J., PFC	DOW
Black, Joyt E., PFC	KIA	Davis, Paul E., 2LT	FOD
Blanton, Herman R., PFC	DOW	Davis, Robert O., 1LT	KIA
Brown, Elvin, SGT	KIA	Downum, Max, PFC	KIA
Brown, Lloyd, PVT	DNB	Edens, Boyd, PVT	DNB
Brown, Raphael M., CPL	KIA	Epperly, Leonard K., 1LT	DNB
Brumfield, Jack L., 2LT	KIA	Fiori, Virgil S., PFC	KIA
Bryan, William S., SSG	KIA	Fulke, James W., 2LT	KIA
Bunch, Roy L., PVT	KIA	Gage, Paul, PFC	KIA

Gearhart, Samuel E. Jr, SGT	FOD	Osburn, Wilbert C., CPL	DNB
Glenn, Earl, PVT	KIA	Parrish, Delbert W., PVT	DOW
Gobble, Paul E., PVT	KIA		
Goldman, Clayburn W., PFC	KIA	Paschal, James R., PVT	DNB
Grissom, Max J., PFC	KIA	Pennell, Willis T., PVT	KIA
		Phelan, John C., SGT	FOD
Hanna, Ambrose L., PVT	DNB	Phillips, Noah W., PVT	DNB
Harris, Marion L., 1LT	KIA	Pond, Leroy R., LTC	DOW
Hatfield, Julius C., SGT	KIA		
Helms, Russell S., TSG	FOD	Prater, Edgar J., PVT	KIA
Hendrickson, Henry C. PVT	KIA	Purser, Rolland E.	KIA
		Reed, Jack S., SSG	FOD
Henson, Dick, TEC5	KIA	Reed, Philip M., SSG	FOD
Hester, Jack, 1LT	KIA	Rice, Charles D., SGT	KIA
Hicks, James D., 2LT	DNB		
Hite, Eugene C., PFC	KIA	Richtmyer, Robert R., MSG	DNB
Hunton, Roger S., PFC	KIA	Riggs, Donald K., PFC	KIA
		Rosen, Ted, Capt.	KIA
Johnson, Elmer, Jr., TEC5	DOW	Rowe, Jesse L., PVT	DNB
Karnes, Wayne H., PVT	KIA	Savage, Thomas B., CPL	DNB
Kerr, Robert L., CPL	DNB		
King, Stanley A., PFC	KIA	Shackelford, B. J., PVT	KIA
Kirk, Sam A., TSG	FOD	Shepherd, Paul M., PFC	KIA
		Slaughter, Thomas A., PVT	KIA
Lewis, Clyde W., PFC	KIA	Smith, Bert O., PVT	KIA
Macon, Thomas G., PFC	DOW	Smith, Ernest E., PFC	KIA
Mahan, Robert H., SSG	KIA		
Matthews, James D., SGT	DNB	Spencer, Kenneth, TEC5	KIA
Maxey, Eldon A., Jr., SSG	DNB	Stearns, Charles E., PFC	KIA
		Stearns, Sidney E., PVT	KIA
Mayes, William O., PVT	KIA	Stout, Burl, PFC	KIA
McCamish, Leland, PVT	KIA	Stubblefield, T. E., PVT	KIA
McCraw, Reaford C., PVT	KIA		
McGee, Hugh, PVT	KIA	Swift, Carl B., SGT	KIA
Meacham, Ray A., PFC	KIA	Thomason, Givson E., PVT	KIA
		Thorn, Murray J., CPL	DNB
Mills, Harry, PFC	KIA	Todd, Claude W., PVT	KIA
Misenhimer, Richard A. 2LT	KIA	Walker, James P., MAJ	KIA
Mitchell, Henry D., 2LT	FOD		
Moody, Jacob G., PFC	KIA	Williams, Donald P., PVT	KIA
Moore, R. L., PVT	KIA	Wilson, George W., PVT	KIA
		Yarbrough, Edgar E., 2LT	DNB
Myers, Thomas L., Jr. PFC	KIA	Young, Oliver E., SGT	KIA
Odom, Carl E., PFC	KIA	Youngman, Hubert, PVT	DNB
Osburn, Arthur R., 2LT	DNB		

(Of the men listed above, Hoyt E. Black, Marion L. Harris, Jack Hester, James D. Hicks, and Philip M. Reed were members of the 1st Battalion, 142d Field Artillery, Arkansas National Guard, the three batteries of which were stationed in Fayetteville at the time of induction into Federal service on January 6, 1941.

HENDERSON SCHOOL - THEN AND NOW



E. E. Henderson, the first superintendent of schools in Fayetteville, came to Arkansas from Indiana in 1866 and organized Fayetteville School District Number One. His daughter, Clara, taught the first colored school in the brick building pictured above. The school was built by the American Missionary Society on property which it had purchased from Judge and Mrs. Lafayette Gregg for the sum of one cent, to be forever held for educational purposes.

In 1895, the building was conveyed to the Fayetteville School District for the sum of $500.00. In those years it was called the Mission School, and Mission Street commemorates the building of this school. In 1907 the name was changed to Henderson School in honor of the superintendent whose daughter taught in it. After the center of the colored population moved south, a exchange of property for a more suitable location was arranged with the estate of Wythe Walker.

When Jack Reed and his wife, Elizabeth McCoy Reed, purchased the property from the Wythe Walker estate, more county history was called to mind. Mrs. Reed's grandfather, Philip McCoy, was one of the first Catholics to come to Washington County, shortly after Father John Cary celebrated the first holy mass in the

county, in 1844. He came from Providence, Rhode Island. William J. McCoy, Mrs. Reed's father, had been an early communicant of St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Fayetteville, of which Jack and Mrs. Reed were members.

Jack Reed was a descendant of the well-known Reed family and his father was George W. M. Reed. Jack himself had the first filling station in Fayetteville.

When they remodeled the old school into a residence, Mr. and Mrs. Reed also secured materials from another historic spot in northwest Arkansas, when Mr. Reed bought logs at Monte Ne from the estate of the late Coin Harvey, presidential candidate and advocate of Free Silver.

The building, as shown below, is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Elston.

FLASHBACK'S

UP-TO-DATE CRAFTSMEN

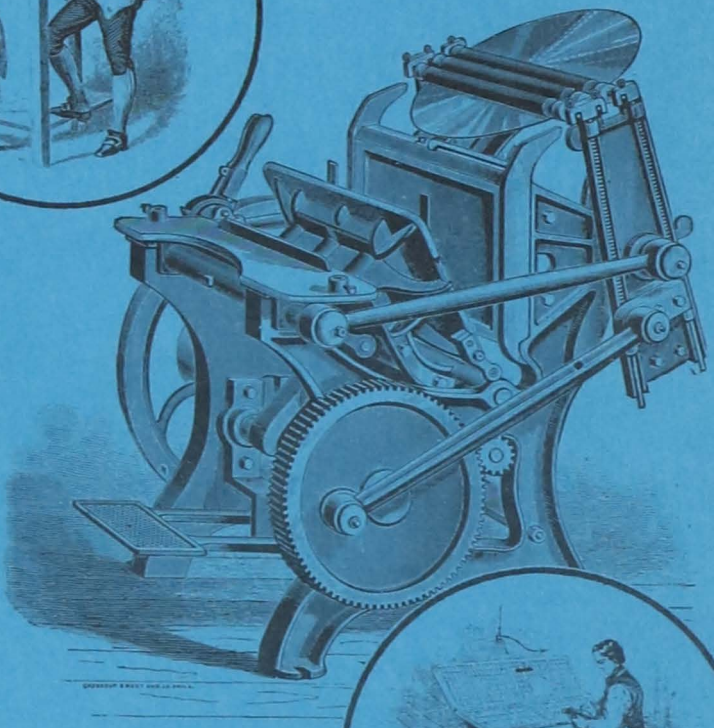
WITH THEIR MODERNE EQUIPMENT

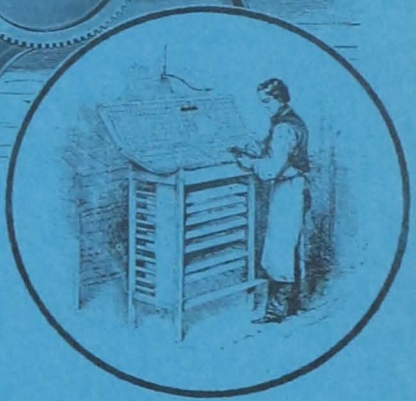
EAGERLY AWAIT YOUR

TREASURED MEMOIRS

IN PRINTED, WRITTEN OR

PHOTOGRAPHIC FORM





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